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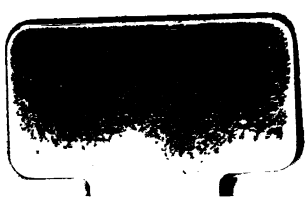
Aunt Effie's Gift to the Nursery



AUNT EFFIE'S GIFT.

MURRAY AND GIBB, EDINBURGH,
PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

Frontispiece.

See p. 81.

AUNT EFFIE'S GIFT TO THE NURSERY.

LONDON.
JAMES NISBET AND CO.

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AUNT EFFIE'S GIFT

TO

THE NURSERY.

'PERFECT LOVE CASTETH OUT FEAR.'

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.
1876.

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AUNT EFFIE'S GIFT.

'GOOD NIGHT.'

At night my mother comes up-stairs;
She comes to hear us say our prayers;
And while I'm sitting on her knee,
She always kisses little me.

Before she took away the light,
She tucked the blankets smooth and tight,
And round about my sleepy head
She drew the curtains of the bed.

I saw her walk across the floor,
And softly close the nursery door;
And then I called with all my might,
'Good night, my dear mamma, good night.'

That dear mamma! so sweet and mild,
I heard her say, 'God bless my child;'
And always, when she goes away,
Those are the words we hear her say.

Oh, what a happy child am I
When in my little crib I lie!
Blest by a tender mother's love,
And by the holy God above.

FOR CHRIST'S LITTLE LAMBS.

I AM a very little child;
I'm very young and very wild,
  And sometimes naughty too.
I'm led by many a foolish thought
To do the things I never ought
  To think of or to do.

But God, the holy God above,
Is very kind, and full of love
  For little ones like me.
And He will hear me if I pray,
And He will help me every day
  A better child to be.

Thou knowest, Lord, how weak I am;
Oh, lead me like a little lamb,
And I will follow Thee.
Take all my naughtiness away,
And let me never go astray,
Until Thy face I see.

—o—

EVENING PRAYER.

LORD, teach me how to pray aright,
With reverence and trust;
While I am kneeling in Thy sight,
A sinful child of dust.

I am so young, I cannot tell
The things I ought to say;
But what I need, Thou knowest well;
Oh, teach me how to pray!

With folded hands and closèd eyes
  Let all be hushed and still,
And let an infant's prayer arise
  According to Thy will.

And when the solemn words are said,
  And I have raised my head,
Let me remember I have prayed,
  And softly go to bed.

THE FLIES ON THE WINDOW.

NAY, do not catch the little thing,
Lest you should chance to tear its wing;
  You must not even try.
Perhaps a single little touch
Might hurt the fly so very much,
  That it would make it die.

I do not think that you'd be pleased,
If anybody rudely seized
  And held you by the arm,
If, when you tried to get away,
They held you tight and made you stay,
  Although it did you harm.

We'll watch it crawling up the pane,
And when it buzzes down again,
  We'll give the flies a treat:
We'll put some honey on your hand,
And then perhaps they'll come and stand,
  And let you see them eat.

—o—

OUR LITTLE BABY.

When first into the world it came,
'The little Baby' was its name,
  And dear it was to me;
For it was very soft and small,
So weak, it could not even crawl,
  Or sit upon my knee.

They dressed it in a tiny cap,
And laid it gently in my lap;
  Its head was on my arm.

It closed its eyes and fell asleep,
And carefully I tried to keep
  The little pet from harm.

But when the Baby stronger grew,
And it had lived a week or two,
  When Sunday morning came,
They took it to the holy place,
And sprinkled water on its face,
  In Christ our Saviour's name.

And now it is a Christian child;
May Jesus keep it undefiled,
  And worthy of the name:
And may He save our Baby dear
From every evil that we fear—
  From sorrow, sin, and shame.

GOING TO BED IN THE DARK.

It is so dark, I cannot see,
But God is taking care of me;
And light, and dark, and twilight dim,
Are all alike the same to Him.

'Tis very foolish, but I own
I do not like to be alone;
And when they take the light away,
I wish that somebody would stay.

If I remembered God was here,
I think I should no longer fear;
So, when the light is growing dim,
I'll close my eyes, and think of Him.

HOW TO TAKE A MESSAGE.

If dear mamma should bid me take
  A message to the maid,
I ought to say without mistake
  The very words she said.

As echoes utter all they've heard,
  So ought my lips to do;
But if I add a single word,
  That word might not be true.

So patiently I'll stand and wait
  Till dear mamma has done;
And then I'll run, at such a rate,
  As fast as I can run!

I will not be to any maid
  Uncourteous, rough, or rude ;
For that, my dear mamma has said,
  Is neither right nor good.

But carefully I will repeat,
  And make the message plain ;
And then with both my little feet
  I'll hurry back again.

OBEDIENCE.

When I hear my mother say,
'Come to me,' or 'Go away,'
Instantly I ought to go,
As soon as she has told me so.

When I hear my mother say,
'Put your playthings all away;'
Instantly, without reply,
I ought to go and put them by.

If my naughty heart within
Tries to lead me into sin,
I will close my eyes and say,
Come and help me, Lord, I pray.

If a disobedient thought
Says, 'I will not, though I ought,'
Put the naughty thought away,
And make me willing to obey.

—o—

GOD IS GREATER THAN ALL.

'PROTECTED by the Almighty's arm,
Can any evil do me harm?
Is any being half so great
As God the Almighty Potentate?'

No, there is nothing that we know
In heaven above, in earth below;
There is no evil that we fear,
So strong as God our Father dear.

'The Almighty God, in boundless space,
Can see and hear in every place;
Can any other being see,
Like God, in deepest secrecy?'

No, it is God alone can tell
The thoughts that in our bosoms dwell;
No other but His piercing eye
Can everything at once descry.

'Oh, 'tis a blessed thought to know
That God Almighty loves us so;
If nothing is so great as He,
How safe a little child must be!'

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

My life has only just begun,
Yet many naughty things I've done
  That need to be forgiven;
But I am not too young to die,
For infants quite as young as I
  Have died and gone to heaven.

Oh, heaven is a happy place,
Where God Almighty shows His face
  To angels bright and fair;
And when it is my turn to go,
The angels will come down, I know,
  And carry me up there.

There is no pain, there is no fear,
And no one ever sheds a tear
  Where all is joy and love;
And babes who did God's holy will,
And died because they were so ill,
  Are in that home above.

DEATH.

Poor Baby, it is very ill,
  And suffers dreadful pain;
But soon, mamma believes, it will
  Return to God again.

As soon as little infants die,
  They lay them on their backs,
And very quietly they lie,
  Like dolls of snow-white wax.

Their tiny feet and fingers small
  Are cold and very still;
And nothing can they feel at all,
  And never are they ill.

Jesus, the Babe of Bethlehem,
  Was with them when they died;
And He will always stay with them,
  Wherever they abide.

If we could see as angels see,
  When little infants die,
We'd see them floating happily
  With Jesus to the sky.

DAISIES.

THE fields that once were fresh and green
  Are covered now with snow;
And not a Daisy can be seen,
  They're buried down below.

They grew so fast in early spring,
  Those Daisies white and red;
In autumn they were withering,
  And now I think they're dead.

'Nay, little maiden, say not so,
  They are but laid to rest;
The Daisies only sleep below
  That cold and shining vest.

'Poor little Daisies, let them sleep
  Till some warm summer day
Shall thaw the snow that lies so deep,
  And melt it all away.

'And then each Daisy, pure and white,
  Shall lift its drooping head,
Like holy infants crowned with light,
  Arising from the dead.'

A HAPPY LITTLE BOY.

THE Lord is always giving me
  So many pleasures to enjoy,
I'm sure I always ought to be
  A very happy little boy.

For I have got a kind papa,
  Who takes me out to walk and ride,
And such a gentle, sweet mamma,
  Who lets me nestle by her side.

My own dear nurse, what pains she takes
  To keep me well and make me strong!
What comfortable clothes she makes,
  How kind she is the wohle day long!

My bed is curtained round about
  As snugly as a robin's nest;
And when the stars are peeping out,
  She lays me down to take my rest.

While hungry children beg their bread,
  And stand and shiver in the rain,
I'm warmly clothed and nicely fed
  As soon as I get up again.

I thank the Lord for giving me
  So many blessings to enjoy,
And I will always try to be
  A very thankful little boy.

GOD IS LIGHT.

ALMIGHTY God, Thou art too pure
For sinful man to see;
How could my little eyes endure
The light that streams from Thee?

I've seen the twinkling stars at night;
I've seen the placid moon;
The sun when it is dazzling bright
Above my head at noon.

And beautiful I thought them all;
Yet, when compared with Thee,
I knew their light would seem but small,
Almost obscurity.

O holy God, my infant mind
  Can only know in part
How wonderfully good and kind
  And glorious Thou art!

—o—

THE BIRDS AND BEASTS.

THE grass that's growing in the field
  Was made for beasts to eat;
And many useful things they yield
  For clothing and for meat.

From silkworms and from lambs and sheep
  We get our wool and silk;
And cocks and hens and cows we keep,
  To give us eggs and milk.

But though God made the flocks and herds
  For all of us to use,
He never gave the beasts and birds
  To children to abuse.

He never gave them leave to tease
  A kitten or a dove;
So cruel children will displease
  The God who reigns above.

For we should kindly use them all,
  And think of every plan
To make each little animal
  As happy as we can.

'THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.'

THERE is no place in heaven above,
  No place on earth below,
But God, the great and holy God,
  Is present there, I know.

When I am busy at my work,
  Or happy at my play,
The holy God is listening,
  And hearing all I say.

And when upon the pillow soft
  I lay my sleepy head,
The holy God is keeping watch
  Beside my little bed.

He gives me everything I eat,
  And everything I wear;
And friends to teach me what is right,
  And bring me up with care.

Oh, I will always think of Him
  Wherever I may be,
For God is very kind and good
  To little ones like me.

To face p. 35.

WHO MAKES THE FLOWERS GROW?

I HAD a border planted round
A little plot of garden ground;
And when I'd plucked out every weed,
I sowed in it a single seed.

For many a day I watched in vain,
There never fell a drop of rain;
Though buried warmly down below,
My little seed could never grow.

At last there came a rainy day,
The big drops hung on every spray,
And then my little seed I found
Had sprouted up above the ground.

I watched and tended it with care,
And splendidly it flourished there;
Branch after branch around it spread,
And covered all the garden bed.

Its buds and rosy blossoms hung
Like silken tassels, loosely swung,
And everybody came and praised
The gorgeous flower that I had raised.

But it was God who made it grow,
Who made its lovely blossoms blow,
And I had cherished it in vain,
Without His sunshine and His rain.

BABY'S TEARS.

When little children are unkind,
  And even when they tease us,
We ought not very much to mind
  The things that so displease us.

Because, perhaps, they are not well,
  And so their patience fails them;
And being young, they cannot tell
  Or understand what ails them.

When babes are very young and small,
  They often tease their brothers,
Because they do not know that all
  Should try to please the others.

So, when the Baby's cross again,
  So sweet a babe as this is,
We'll catch her tears like drops of rain,
  And smother them with kisses.

—o—

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD SHOULD BE.

JESUS, from His lowly birth,
Looked like other babes of earth;
But I wish that I could be
Such a holy child as He.

He was patient as a lamb;
An impatient child I am;
Naughty tempers often start
In my little wilful heart.

All the Saviour said was true,
Simple were His words, and few;
Oh, how carefully I'll try
Not to tell a wicked lie!

Never did our blessed Lord
Say a rough or thoughtless word;
Often I forget to be
Such a gentle child as He.

Help me, Saviour, good and kind,
Purify my infant mind;
Gladly would I learn of Thee
What a little child should be.

LITTLE BLOSSOMS.

LITTLE blossoms, bright and gay,
Naturally fade away,—
  They fade, and die, and perish.
Things we dearly love will die,
Gentle things that you and I
  So fondly tend and cherish.

Neither sun nor softest rain
Raises faded flowers again,
  When once their petals fall.
They will wither in the heat,
And their lives, so short and sweet,
  We never can recall.

But within this breast of mine
Glows a spark of Life Divine,—
  A wondrous living flame,
Which, by Christ's almighty power,
Rises nearer every hour
  To God, from whom it came.

When from earth I pass away,
Never will my soul decay,
  Nor perish like a flower.
Oh, how happy I shall be
With the Lord who died for me,
  And saved me by His power!

'SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.'

When cruel people sent away
The little babes, who came one day
  To see their Saviour dear;
He kindly called them back again,
And told their mothers to remain,
  And bring the children near.

Oh, 'suffer them to come to me,'
The Saviour said, as tenderly
  He clasped them to His breast;
And if I had been there, I know,
He would have suffered me to go,
  And loved me like the rest.

SIN.

I AM so young, I do not know
The burning shame and fearful woe
    That follow after sin.
O Saviour, keep Thy little child
From sin and evil undefiled,
    And make me pure within.

For sin is like an ugly blot,
And every sin will leave a spot
    On man's undying soul.
No soap can ever wash it out;
The sinner carries it about,
    As black as any coal.

But if the guilty sinner prays
For strength to leave his wicked ways,
And owns his sin to God;
The Lord will teach him how to live,
For He is ready to forgive
And put away the rod.

Wherever sin has left a spot,
The Lord will take the ugly blot
And wash it quite away.
And that poor sinner's soul shall grow
As pure and spotless as the snow
On any wintry day.

A LITTLE HYMN OF PRAISE.

Oh that my infant voice could raise
A little hymn of child-like praise,
To thank the Good and Holy One
For all that Jesus Christ has done!

If Jesus had not lived and died,
If He had not been crucified,
How could our sins have been forgiven?
How could a child have got to heaven?

O Jesus, Thou hast loved me well;
Teach Thou my infant lips to tell
The wondrous care Thou didst bestow
On sinners very long ago.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN MADE PLAIN.

We must not sin or disobey
  The holy will of God,
But we must tread the narrow way
  That Christ our Saviour trod.

The Saviour's heart was full of love
  For poor benighted man,
Who lost the way to heaven above,
  When first his life began.

So Jesus came to give us light,
  And make the way more plain;
And He is near to set us right,
  If we should stray again.

'Tis true the light is sometimes dim,
  And difficult the road;
But if we simply trust in Him,
  He'll take us home to God.

—o—

THE HATEFUL SERPENT.

HOLY SPIRIT, keep my heart
Pure and holy as Thou art,
  And keep me safe from sin.
One wrong thought, and nothing more,
Would open wide a little door
  For evil to creep in.

And, like a hateful serpent, Sin
Will find the way to enter in,
  And nestle thereabout.
Oh, it will sting my little breast,
And never will it let me rest
  Till Jesus drives it out!

But night and day He is awake,
And never will the Lord forsake
His helpless little lamb.
He'll bruise the wicked Serpent's head,
And by and by, when it is dead,
I'll feel how safe I am.

GOD'S POOR BLACK CHILDREN.

In distant countries far away,
Beyond the deep blue sea,
The children are not taught to pray
To God, like you and me.

Their wicked parents lived in sin,
Till they at last forgot
The God in whom our lives begin,
And now they know Him not.

A feeble sense of wrong and right
  Is all that now remains ;
And dim and doubtful is the light
  A heathen child attains.

They never heard of God above—
  Yet He they do not know,
Is watching with most tender love
  His poor dark babes below.

For they belong to Him who died
  For every soul of man ;
And He is pleased with all who tried
  To do the best they can.

But, with the Bible in our hands,
  The heathen should be taught
To live like men in Christian lands,
  And do the things they ought.

A DREADFUL THING.

Oh, what a dreadful thing to do!
To say a thing that is not true.
He's made himself so mean and base,
He'd better go and hide his face.

I've seen him boisterous and wild,
Yet trustworthy I thought the child;
But after all that we have heard,
How can we ever trust his word?

Go, naughty boy, you shall not play
With truthful children—Go away;
For everybody must despise
A boy who tells such wicked lies.

THE PENITENT BOY.

Oh, what a dreadful thing to do!
I've said a thing that is not true,
And made myself so mean and base,
I am ashamed to show my face.

My mother will not have me by her,
Because she knows I've been a liar;
And who will trust to what I say,
Who knows what I have done to-day?

Oh, what a naughty boy I've been,
To do what is so very mean:
To do a thing that must have grieved
The God who cannot be deceived!

Thou knowest what I've done, O Lord,
Forgive me this untruthful word;
And help me from my earliest youth
Courageously to speak the truth.

—o—

THE CHILDREN IN THE NURSERY.

I KNOW that every little child
Should be as gentle and as mild
As any turtle-dove.
Birds in their little nests agree,
And children in the nursery
Should dwell in peace and love.

Oh, it is dreadful to behold
A child who is so rude and bold
That it will strike its brother!
With faces flushed, and angry eyes,
They let their sinful tempers rise,
And quarrel with each other.

Have they forgot that God can see
The children in the nursery
  When they are left alone?
Have they forgotten that His ear
Each cross, impatient word can hear,—
  That all to God is known?

Dear children, ask the God of peace
To make your angry passions cease,
  That you may love each other.
Let each one act a kindly part,
And go with a forgiving heart
  And kiss his little brother.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

WHEN I have got a little treat
Of something that is nice and sweet,
Oh, what a selfish child I'd be
If I should eat it greedily!

To everybody that is there
I ought to give an equal share,
And neither help myself the first
Nor let the others take the worst.

This is mamma's—I love her best;
And these are shares for all the rest;
This little piece for nurse shall be,
And what remains shall be for me.

NAUGHTY AT PRAYERS.

WHAT is the use of bending low
  To make believe we pray,
When all the time we neither know
  Nor care for what we say?

It was an awful thing to do,
  Most daring and profane,
For well our Heavenly Father knew
  We took His name in vain.

If we had really, truly prayed
  And thought of every word,
We should have felt the things we said
  Were spoken to the Lord.

Oh, let us be more reverent
  When we kneel down to pray,
Or else our time is badly spent,
  Our words are thrown away.

If children knew how much they need
  God's help in early youth,
They all would worship Him indeed
  In spirit and in truth.

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

MANY men have told the story,
  How the Saviour lived and died;
How at last He rose to glory
  After He was crucified.

In the desert, lone and dreary,
  Often faint from want of food,
Comforting the poor and weary,
  Labouring to do them good.

Visiting the sick and lonely,
  Curing pain and soothing grief;
Heedless of Himself, and only
  Careful to bestow relief.

Pointing out the path of duty,
  Warning sinners to repent;
Showing us the grace and beauty
  Of a life that's nobly spent.

Such a pattern Christ provided
  For the world for which He died;
All who have in Him confided,
  Follow Christ, the Crucified.

GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In a little infant's breast,
  Whispers God the Holy Spirit:
Babes who love and serve Him best,
  They are those who best can hear it.

He is like an inward light,
  Teaching some who never knew it;
He will teach us what is right,
  And He'll give us strength to do it.

If we are in any doubt,
  And have no one near to guide us,
He will point the error out,
  For He's always close beside us.

When He tells us what is wrong,
  We should never wish to do it;
Though temptation should be strong,
  God will help us to subdue it.

And in any pain or grief,
  When no friend is near to share it,
He will either bring relief,
  Comfort us, or help to bear it.

Woe to him whose hardened heart
  Grieves the good and holy Spirit!
What if God at last depart,
  Leaving man to his demerit?

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

THE birds have built themselves a nest,
The foxes in their holes may rest;
But Jesus Christ our Saviour said
He had not where to lay His head!

The garden of Gethsemane
Is sheltered by the olive tree,
And down beneath its dusky shade
His weary limbs at night were laid.

But I have got a downy bed,
With pillows soft to rest my head;
And carefully the Lord provides
For all that I can want besides.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Is there nothing I can learn
From all the little flowers that turn
  Their faces to the sky?
Jesus said, when here below,
'Consider how the lilies grow,'
  And gladly will I try.

Folded in their mantles green,
They are not anxious to be seen
  Except by God alone.
Dwelling in untrodden ways,
They seem as if they shrank from praise,
  Contented though unknown.

And the lily's fragrant scent
May teach us how we all were meant
  To love and be beloved.
Making happiness abound,
And shedding blessings all around
  The dwellings of the loved.

Like the lilies, let us be
Contented in humility,
  As heavenward we grow;
Like the lilies, let us shed
A blessing that will softly spread
  Its influence below.

'THY WILL BE DONE.'

O SAVIOUR, from my infant heart
Bid every evil thing depart
  That might destroy my peace;
And let Thy Spirit enter in,
And fill the empty space within
  With joy that cannot cease.

I have a stubborn, restless will,
That must destroy my peace until
  It bends itself to Thine;
Oh, make it right, and firm, and good,
Till I can say, as children should,
  Thy will, O Lord, is mine!

HOW TO SUBDUE OUR FAULTS.

Oh, it would be a grievous sight,
  Returning to this place,
To find the children grown in height,
  Yet no way grown in grace!

To find their lips as rash and bold,
  Their minds as proud and high;
As faulty as they were of old,
  And as unfit to die!

Quickly the viper's brood departs;
  Young ravens fly about;
But sins that nestle in our hearts
  Wait, till we drive them out.

No sinful habit can we cure
  Unless we pray and try;
But those who work with God are sure
  To conquer by and by.

God helping us, we need not fear;
  Great things we soon shall do:
If we can cure one fault a year,
  We soon shall have but few.

WHAT GOD DOES TO MAKE US HAPPY.

God teaches us in many ways
To know His will and speak His praise,
  And feel His tender love;
His power and wisdom are displayed
In everything that He has made,
  Below us and above.

Below us, springing from the mould,
A thousand scented flowers unfold
  Their buds for our delight;
Above us, many a glorious world
Along its wondrous way is whirled,
  For us to see at night.

They vanish in the distant sky,
So bright and blue and very high,
  And disappear by day.
And when they twinkle out at night,
They seem like little stars of light,
  Because they're far away.

In all around, below, above,
We feel our Heavenly Father's love,
  And trace His watchful care;
And that He will to us impart
An open, trustful, loving heart,
  Should be our daily prayer.

CONFESSION.

BEFORE I go to sleep in bed,
I'll think of all I've done and said;
For never can we sweetly rest
Until our sins have been confessed.

If I was thoughtless when I prayed,
If an untruthful word I've said,
If any naughty things I've done,
Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son.

If I was fretful or unkind,
Or felt an unforgiving mind,
Or if I dared to disobey,
Forgive, and wash my sins away.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

WHEN Jesus was a little boy,
  He was so good and mild,
It filled His mother's heart with joy
  To look upon her child.

He was the only boy on earth
  That never did amiss;
Nor from the moment of His birth
  Disgraced His mother's kiss.

A boy who never disobeyed
  His gentle mother's voice,
But went and came as if He'd made
  His own deliberate choice.

And when He grew to be a man,
  His life was nobly spent,
In teaching how alone we can
  Escape from punishment.

To do His Heavenly Father's will,
  He sacrificed His own;
And left us nothing to fulfil
  But love, and love alone.

PAINTED BUTTERFLIES.

HAVE you seen those joyous things,
Butterflies with painted wings,
  And do you know their story?
First they were as worms that creep,
Then a chrysalis asleep,
  And now they float in glory.

Shadows of my life I see,
In the wondrous history
  Of every painted fly.
I shall be a glorious sprite,
Floating on the fields of light,
  A thing that cannot die.

Now I'm like the worms that creep,
By and by I'll fall asleep,
  And rest for many a day.
When the body turns to dust,
It is but the outer crust
  That crumbles quite away.

Something will remain, I know,
Cherished safely down below,—
  For Jesus Christ has said,
The Christian never really dies,
He only sleeps, and shall arise
  Like Jesus from the dead.

PLEASANT CHANGES.

SUMMER'S sun is warm and bright,
Winter's snow is cold and white;
Autumn brings us sheaves of grain,
Spring will scatter flowers again:
Pleasant changes
God arranges
All throughout the year!

First there's darkness, then there's light,
First we've day and then we've night;
First we're hot and then we're cold,
First we're young and then we're old:
Are we knowing
Where we're going,
What we're doing here?

JESUS CHRIST'S THREE RULES.

How much a little child may learn,
If it will reverently turn
And listen to the holy word
Of Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord!

Not many rules the Saviour made;
For if we love Him, Jesus said,
Our gratitude could best be proved
By loving as we have been loved.

We owe Him much, we owe Him all,
And our affection is but small,
If we can lightly disregard
Our blessed Saviour's smallest word.

Be sure you always try to do
As you'd have others do to you:
This is a rule the Saviour made,
And it should always be obeyed.

It was our Lord's desire to see
His children dwell in unity;
So, if you hope to go to heaven,
Forgive as you would be forgiven.

FOR A CHILD WHO IS ILL.

In my little bed I'm lying,
  Weary, weary, all day long;
And I cannot keep from crying,
  Though I know it's very wrong.

Jesus, Thou canst see and hear me,
  Sleepless and alone I lie;
But I know that Thou art near me,
  When no other friend is nigh.

Thou canst comfort me, and make me
  Very patient, very still;
For Thou never wilt forsake me
  While I am so very ill.

Bless the doctor, who so gladly
  Tries to make me well again;
Bless my mother while she sadly
  Grieves to see me suffer pain.

Bless Thy little child, and make her
  Better, holier every day;
And if she is dying, take her
  To the home that's far away.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

THE Saviour told us, when we prayed,
  To ask for daily bread;
For while we trust in Him, He said,
  We always should be fed.

He did not say that He would give
  Profuse or dainty fare,
But only feed us while we live,
  In answer to our prayer.

'Bread shall be given them,' He said,
  And 'water shall be sure,'
For ready is the Lord to aid
  The hungry and the poor.

We must not ask Him to bestow
  Rich clothes or costly food,
Because, perhaps, the Lord may know
  They would not do us good.

But we should pray with simple trust
  In what His promise saith;
His blessing rests upon the just,
  And they shall live by faith.

THE BIBLE.

THERE is a Book, a precious Book,
So sacred and divine,
That those who on its pages look,
Must own it, Lord, as Thine.

This precious Book, and this alone,
Can make us truly wise,
For nowhere else has God made known
The Truth that in it lies.

The will of God expressed in things,
We see in all around,
But such a hope as Scripture brings
Can nowhere else be found.

This Book is like a place in which
  A treasure is concealed;
And those who would be truly rich
  Must labour in that field.

Gems of inestimable worth
  Upon its surface lie;
And those who cannot dig the earth
  May find a rich supply.

But precious treasure it will yield
  To all who seek for more,
And those who deepest dig the field
  Will find the richest store.

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND.

If all my other friends should die,
And not another friend had I
  To love or take my part,
I still should have a Friend unseen,
And the forsaken child might lean
  Upon her Saviour's heart.

He is very kind and good, I know,
And little children long ago
  Have rested on His arm;
And if on Jesus I depend,
I'm sure that He will be my Friend,
  And keep me safe from harm.

THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

THE Lord of Life, the Son of God,
Descended from His throne;
Upon this earth His footsteps trod,
The world was all His own.

And yet He did not spend His life
Within a happy home,
But up and down this world of strife
He never ceased to roam.

And while he wandered to and fro,
One single aim had He,
To save poor sinners sunk so low
In hopeless misery.

About Himself He never thought;
  He cared for nothing then,
Except the message that He brought
  To bad, ungrateful men.

They would not hear His gentle voice,
  Nor what He had to say,
But made a most unworthy choice,
  And proudly turned away.

Yes—turned away from Christ the Lord,
  Who longed to do them good!
But we will join in sweet accord,
  And praise Him as we should.

THE BLESSING OF THE JUST.

God will give us peace and light,
  If we turn away from wrong;
And because the right is right,
  Follow it the whole day long.

But if we are double-minded,
  Half for God and half for sin,
We shall have, with conscience blinded,
  Neither peace nor light within.

Keep the narrow path of duty,
  Waver not to right or left;
And of peace, and light, and beauty,
  Never shalt thou be bereft.

GOD IN WHOM WE TRUST.

We never need to be afraid
  Of God who loves us all;
Who loves the children He has made,
  So helpless and so small.

The only thing we ought to fear
  Is sin—is hateful sin;
That hides from us our Saviour dear,
  And makes us dark within.

The Lord is present everywhere,
  Far off, in boundless space,—
Close by us, hidden in the air
  That fills this empty place.

He is our best and kindest Friend,
  For, ever since our birth,
He has not ceased to watch and tend
  His children upon earth.

And all day long He tries to bless
  The creatures He has made;
His heart is full of tenderness,—
  We need not be afraid.

To face p. 87.

I WILL CONFESS MY SIN UNTO THEE.

Our Heavenly Father dearly loves
  A child who speaks the truth,
Who in His presence lives and moves
  From its most tender youth.

But I confess that very wrong
  Are many things I do;
I've not been trustworthy for long,
  I'm seldom good or true.

If anybody else is blamed,
  And gets into disgrace,
I ought to feel myself ashamed,
  And hide my guilty face.

For sinful tales I often tell,
  Denying things I do,
While all the time I know full well
  The story is untrue.

O Lord, I see my faults with shame,
  And own them every one;
I pray Thee, in the Saviour's name,
  To pardon all I've done.

WHAT MAKES US AFRAID TO DIE.

A LITTLE child could hardly be
More strong and well than I,
And yet I know the day will come
When I shall have to die.

Then I must leave my happy home,
And all I loved before:
The world that is so beautiful
My eyes shall see no more.

I've often been a naughty child,
I've sometimes told a lie;
And when I think of all my sins,
I am afraid to die.

Since everything is known to God,
  What will become of me?
I wonder where He'll send my soul
  For all eternity!

I know that Christ our Saviour died
  That such as I might live;
And though He never can forget,
  I think He will forgive.

So I will hope and trust in Him,
  And pray, as one forgiven,
That when the Saviour sees me die
  He'll take my soul to heaven.

FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO GO TO HEAVEN.

If you wish to go to heaven,
  And are anxious to be good,
If you long for heavenly wisdom
  As the hungry long for food;
You should tell your Heavenly Father,
  You should ask Him to impart
Such a blessing from His Spirit
  As will sanctify your heart.

There is nothing you can tell Him
  That He will not understand;
He will lead you as a mother
  Leads her infant by the hand;

With the Bible laid before you,
And His Spirit for your guide,
You may learn to know and love Him,
Through the Lord, the Crucified.

If your precious soul should perish,
You will have yourself to blame,
For the Lord will gladly save you
If you call upon His name.
He has charged us all to follow
In the footsteps that He trod,
That by looking at the Saviour
We may learn the mind of God.

HOW GOD SPEAKS TO US.

A VOICE within my bosom says
I am a naughty child,
Forgetting God in many ways,
Unruly, proud, and wild.

It often tells me when I'm wrong,
  And shows me what is right;
It talks to me the whole day long,
  And sometimes in the night.

What is this inward voice I hear
  That whispers in my breast?
Who is this friend that seems so near,
  My truest and my best?

Thy conscience warns thee secretly,
  Thy reason leads thee right;
They are the voice of God to thee,
  His Spirit gives them light.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

When I was but a little babe,
  I was inclined to sin;
A stubborn will I often felt
  Disturbing me within.

I thought that everything was mine,
  And only mine by right;
And when my selfish will was crossed,
  I cried with all my might.

But now I am an older child,
  And have been better taught;
I know that I should bend my will,
  And do the things I ought.

For am I not a Christian child,
One taught to worship God,
Brought up to follow in the steps
That Christ my Saviour trod?

O Heavenly Father, help me now
To serve and honour Thee,
That I, in thought, and word, and deed,
May like my Saviour be.

THE GOOD FATHER OF ALL.

God is a Father, good and kind,
  His love is wide and free;
He has no feeling in His mind
  Of partiality.

His children all alike are dear,
  Are all alike His care:
They share the rain and sunshine clear,
  They breathe the self-same air.

Though some are born both weak and low,
  And others strong and great,
Yet nobody on earth can know
  Which is the better state.

Many there are in foreign lands
  Scarce knowing wrong from right:
We, with the Bible in our hands,
  Are blest with greater light.

But God alone can see the heart,
  And, knowing what He gave,
Can read us, circumstance apart,
  And judge how we behave.

He noticed from life's earliest source
  The point towards which we tend;
By the direction of our course
  He'll judge us at the end.

RICHLY BLESSED.

I AM a happy child indeed,
For God supplies my every need:
His bounteous hand He opens wide,
And blessings fall on every side.

I have not felt, and hardly know,
What others suffer here below;
For strangers all alike to me
Are pain, and grief, and misery.

With kindest friends God lets me dwell,
And in a home I love so well;
And every day we sweetly share
Our Heavenly Father's love and care.

Enjoying all that earth can give,
I thank Him every day I live;
And when I die, I hope to see
The Lord who lived and died for me.

—o—

THE LORD'S DAY.

THE merry bells are ringing out
  From every steeple tall;
But street and market round about
  Are hushed and quiet all.

'Come, come to God,' the church bells say,
  That every soul may know,
It cannot be a common day
  When they are ringing so!

All happiness it ought to be—
  A day of joyful rest;
For it is kept in memory
  Of Him who loves us best.

In memory of Christ, who rose
  In triumph from the grave,
And joy and gladness brought to those
  Whom He had died to save.

Dear Saviour! we would own Thy day,
  And mark it from the rest,
By putting common thoughts away,
  And cherishing the best.

The day that bears Thy holy name,
  Our happiest day shall be;
And joys that Thou wilt never blame,
  Shall make us think of Thee.

At earliest dawn, at setting sun,
  On Thy fair works we'll gaze,
Adoring all that Thou hast done
  With heartfelt love and praise.

A WORD TO NURSES.

KIND nurses, ye who fondly tend
Those little vagrant flowers that send
Their straggling shoots on every side,
Till they are duly pruned and tied.

Bethink you that the fondest heart
Can nothing to their growth impart;
Without a blessing from above,
What would avail your patient love?

That rosy babe whom you caress
With such unwearied tenderness,
And cherish with a mother's care,
Oh, bless it with a mother's prayer!

Ask for the infant strength and health,
A gift more precious far than wealth;
And pray the Saviour to impart
A teachable and trustful heart.

No trivial duties you fulfil,
For much of good or much of ill
You're sowing on your heavenly way,
To gather at the judgment day.

PRAYER.

I WANT to speak to Thee,
  My God and Father dear;
To speak to Thee alone
  When nobody is near.

I have within my heart
  Something I want to tell,
That nobody shall hear
  But Christ, who loves me well.

I want to tell Thee this—
  How much I long to be
Holy and pure and true,
  Like Jesus Christ and Thee.

How earnestly I try
  To struggle hard with sin;

And yet I have not power
  The victory to win.

Temptation is so strong,
  And I so very weak;
I need Thy help, O Lord,
  It is Thy help I seek.

Help me to watch and see
  The first approach of sins,
To lift my heart to Thee
  Before the strife begins.

Help me to pray before
  Temptation leads me wrong;
And let Thy Spirit make
  My efforts brave and strong.

If these, my true desires,
  O God, Thou dost fulfil,
I'll try and try again
  To do Thy holy will.

MORNING PRAYER

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

O God, my Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for taking care of me last night. I pray Thee to watch over me, and keep me from evil to-day. Help me to be dutiful and obedient, truthful and trustworthy, kind and gentle, patient, humble, and forgiving. Help me always to remember that Thou seest all I do, and hearest all I say, and enable me to please Thee perfectly, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

PRAYER

FOR A LITTLE CHILD ON ENTERING CHURCH.

O God, my Heavenly Father, help me to be quiet and reverent while I am here, and to try to think about Thee while I speak to Thee and sing Thy praise, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

O GOD, our Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for all Thy kindness to me, and for giving me food and clothes, and all that I need during the day. I pray Thee to forgive me all that I have said or done amiss. Take care of me and watch over me while I am asleep to-night. Fill my mind with holy thoughts, and my heart with love. Bless all my dear friends . . ., and when we die take us all to Thy heavenly home, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

GRACE BEFORE EATING.

BLESS this food for my use, and strengthen me for Thy service, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

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